

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 8.]

Poetry.

BOYHOOD.

BY THE LATE CHARLES HARRISON.
How oft, amid the sordid strife
Of worldly wisdom, have I turned
To memory's scenes of early life
And o'er my youth's fond moments
How oft have I with'd and care and pain,
To be that boy again!
To sleep beneath the shining roof,
And hear the pattering rain drops fall,
Or listen to the lively purl
Of vagrant round my airy hall.
Yet rise at dawn with wonted glee,
To wash the brook or climb the tree.
To join the steady reaper's train,
What time the hawk her mating sing—
When, mounting with impassioned strain,
She bathes in light her glimmering wings,
And poised in air, is serenely seen,
So high amid the dazzling sky.
'Twas mine to trap beside the stream,
Or angle 'neath the alder's shade,
To tend the plow, or drive the team,
Or seek the herd in distant glade,
Whence oft, from clustering thickets, shrill
Rang out the notes of the whippoorwill.
Those trembling notes so long and wild—
Were music to my boyish ear;
Thought backward time—and, as a child,
Even now methinks the sounds I hear;
While fancy spreads before my eye
The dewy glades and moonlight sky.
The "loving herd," now wending slow,
Along the wood their homeward way,
The windy stream's dark glassy flow,
The lilted vale, the wood and glade,
Still stand in vision bland and bright,
As on that balmy summer's night;
When, standing on the distant hill,
With boyish fancy wand'ring free,
I saw no specter of ill
Rise in the bright future;
And sweetest music, unalloyed,
Unclouded with hope, undimmed with fear.
Oh, those were boyhood's cloudless hours,
And sweetest music, unalloyed,
Unclouded with hope, undimmed with fear.
But pride soon dreamed of loftier bowers;
And wealth her golden luster threw
O'er tempting scenes, as false as fair,
And banded spirits seek her there.
And I have sought her not in vain,
I sought her piled her treasures high,
But that deceived her sordid reign,
And turned me from her gilded eye,
I could not serve her dirty mine,
And would not worship at her shrine.
I would not stoop to flatter power,
For any vile or selfish end;
I could not change, with every hour,
My faith, my feelings, or my friend;
And, last of all, would I contrive
My hopes to the second hand;
The God that reared the wood and height,
And spread the clouds of calm and light,
That spared the lures of human pride;
And when for aye in accents known,
To worship angelic beneath his throne.

Miscellaneous.

A CURE FOR SPARKING, OR— PICKING UP AN ACQUAINTANCE.

SOME months since, a young, courageous young woman residing in Gotham, daughter of highly respectable parents, found herself somewhat unconditionally detained at the house of a friend not far distant from her father's residence, one evening, and before she was scarcely aware of the fact, night set in. The distance to her home was but a few blocks, however, and as she expected a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen at her father's that evening she determined upon returning homeward unattended; and, bidding her friends good night, she hurried along upon the walk, towards her residence, into which her family had recently removed from another part of the city.
Upon turning the first corner, she was suddenly startled by the approach of a well-dressed young man, who accosted her with "good evening," and offered his services to escort her home! Alarmed, for an instant, she would have avoided the stranger, but as he advanced to her side, she ventured to turn towards him, and a glance satisfied her; she recognized the young gentleman as a familiar acquaintance. Disguising her voice, and replying in a timid tone, she accepted the proffered gallantry, determined to administer a lesson to her young friend, which he should not forget. The conversation which passed was brief, and the young man, perceiving nothing, as he was not aware that the family had changed their quarters, tripped along by the young lady's side, apparently very well pleased with his companion. In a few minutes they halted before a modest brick house, in a somewhat retired street, at the west end, and the lady relinquished her attendant's arm, and prepared to enter.
"Will you come?" whispered the lady, softly.
"Thank you," was the reply; and his fair companion opened the door—Closing it carefully, they found themselves in the entry, in total darkness.
"Wait a moment," said the young lady, "and be perfectly quiet—I will return immediately," and with these words she ascended the stairs which led to the parlors.
The first thought of the young man as she retired, was to open the front door and move; for he suspected that all was not as he anticipated. He turned to the door—it was fast. He fumbled for the latch, or lock, or whatever secured it, but it was not to be found; and an instant afterwards he heard footsteps approaching in the darkness. His heart thumped against his ribs, and he began to wish himself safely out of doors again; but he was quickly reassured by the encouraging whisper of his new-made acquaintance, who approached him apparently with much caution.
"Hush!" said she, "all is safe. Be quiet, now, a moment—remove your boots from your feet—I will return in an instant."
Our hero was content, and drawing off his boots, he secured them together, and, holding them in his hand, he awaited the return of his lady friend, who had again ascended the stairs.
Entering the parlor a few minutes af-

terwards, the female rogue found some half a score of young friends with their brothers and beaux present, to whom she quickly and briefly communicated the adventure.
"I've got him in the entry, down stairs," said she. "Put out the lights," she said, "keep perfectly still, don't betray the slightest breath or sound, and I will show you some sport in a moment."
The lights were removed, the party arranged themselves around the room—the company knew the victim intimately—and again the lady descended the stairs and approached her friend.
"Softly, now," she said, taking the hand that was unoccupied by the boots, "softly. All is quiet up stairs—come," and she led her gallant slyly up the stairway. His boots dangled against the railing.
"Shake!" exclaimed the fair one; "for pity's sake make no noise—or all is lost!" The hero moved on, grasped his boots more securely at his side, "not dreamed of aught save bliss." Least of all did he suspect the existence of a huge rent in his stockings—but he was a bachelor, and this was but a trifle!
They entered the parlor. All was darkness and silence, the lady closed the door behind her companion, and led him into the center of the room. Not a breath was heard, and little did the gentleman suspect that he was at that moment surrounded by a dozen persons of his acquaintance.
"Remain here one moment," said the girl; "I will get a light."
The gallant raised the soft hand which had conducted them thus far towards—he knew not what—and ventured to press upon it a kiss; but it was dexterously withdrawn at the very "nick of time," and his lips came in contact with his fingers.
"Wait a moment," said his innamorata, leaving him quickly—and then passing through, she disappeared. A minute had scarcely elapsed, but it seemed a month to the little party, who were nearly choking with suppressed merriment; it was an age to the victim. But gentle footsteps were again heard, and the beautiful girl anxiously in the direction of the door. It opened with a single movement, a blaze of light gushed into the parlor, and behind the face of an old familiar acquaintance! "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "this is Mr. Smith."
"This is Mr. Smith," as went up from that little cotter, at that moment, was seldom heard in the neighborhood, before or since. Poor Smith stood for a moment, not exactly paralyzed—that would be a faint term—exactly stupefied in his tracks, and he hugged his boots to his side, coughed, sneezed, choked—then grinned a ghastly smile.
As soon as the paroxysm of laughter was over, the lady brought forward a chair, and placing it before the victim, said:
"Pray be seated, Mr. Smith."
He turned upon his tormentor a look of comical recognition, and, like Falstaff, his wit coming quickly to his relief he replied:
"Did you think, Cally, I didn't know this?"
"This was his first and last effort at picking up an acquaintance; and it proved to be a cure for 'sparking' with him—Within six months he made ample apology for his error by making Miss Cally Miss Smith.
Death.
The article on "Death," in the New Cyclopaedia, has the following: "As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes—a numbness and disposition to repose which do not admit of suffering. Even in those cases where the activity of the mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a state of happy feeling on the approach of death. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die,' were the last words of the celebrated Wm. Hunter during his last moments. Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes an accident which left him so senseless that he was taken up for dead. On being restored, however, he says: 'Methought my eyes only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go.' A writer in the Quarterly Review records that a gentleman, who had been rescued from drowning declared that he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright, he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed on it forever. Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it. A sleep sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave."
WOMEN IN POLITICAL MEETINGS.—Political meetings composed only of men, often suffer from the obscurity and blackguardism of the speakers; and what is worse, this part of the speech is generally cheered the loudest. This is in accordance with a law of our nature which demands imperatively that the sexes shall accompany each other everywhere in life, the violation of which (the separation of the sexes) invariably results in demoralization. It would therefore be well for women to attend every political meeting, as they could thereby entirely protect the other sex from the vile influence of obscene stump speeches, purify the political atmosphere even by their silent influence, which would enable them to inculcate more correct principles in the rising generation, and worthily to discharge the duties of free citizens, which, in the course of human events, sooner or later, they will be called upon to assume.—*The Reformer.*
AMONG THE CURIOUSITIES lately added to the museum is a mosquito's bladder, containing the souls of twenty misers and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly half full.

From the Portsmouth Times.
Old School Republicanism vs. Modern Sham Republicanism.
The modern sham Republican party assumes the distinctive name of the old Democratic party of which Thomas Jefferson was the leader. They are fond of quoting his opinions, and the claim is preferred unceasingly that his principles are identical with theirs. We shall not argue about this matter just now; it is enough that we present a series of facts, which defy such analysis as shall favor the pretensions of these new-found admirers of Mr. Jefferson.
We want the reader to note that the old Democratic party of 1793—1803 was strongest in precisely those localities where the Democratic party of 1850 is dominant to-day. Further, we wish him to observe that where the old school "Republicans" of 1800 were weakest the new-light sham Republicans are strongest. In other words, the Democratic party of '50 is entrenched, so far as majorities go, in the same States it held in 1793—1803, and the modern Republican (Opposition) party preponderates in the same States that were carried against Mr. Jefferson in 1793 and 1803.
Observe, first, that the stronghold of Black Republicanism is in New England. The six States composing that part of the Confederacy are now represented in both branches of the National Legislature by a solid phalanx of Black Republican Congressmen. Every district has been carried against the Democrats. How was it in 1793, when, for the first time, Mr. Jefferson was a candidate for the Presidency? Not one vote was given him by a New England State—not one! John Adams received 71 votes, and of these 39—more than half—came from New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The popular expression in New England was not more decidedly adverse to Mr. Buchanan, three years ago, than to Mr. Jefferson sixty years before. Here is a striking coincidence. What will you do with it?
Observe, secondly, that in New England, at the election of 1800, the result was precisely the same as it had been in 1793. Every electoral vote—39—was cast for Mr. Adams; for Mr. Jefferson, as before, not one. Thus a second time was Mr. Jefferson repudiated, utterly, in that very section that now as emphatically repudiates Mr. Buchanan. The old and the new—the men of the party of 1800, and the men of the Slave Party in Massachusetts! A harsher expression could not have been employed. It is intensely significant of the real feeling of that time, and shows up sham Republican pretension in a strong light. This Josiah Quincy, Jr., was living in 1850, and gave Fremont a decided and—well say it—intelligent support. He knew what he was about.
Towards the close of Jefferson's second term, in 1808, a caucus of the old school Republican members of Congress nominated Mr. Madison for the Presidency. We notice that the authority of his name is often invoked by the modern Republicans. Well, how many votes did he receive in New England? But six—those of Vermont, the 19 of Massachusetts, the 7 of New Hampshire, 4 from Rhode Island and 9 from Connecticut were given to C. C. Pinckney, and made up 89 of the 47 cast for him over all the Union. Observe this will you? Explain it, too!
How was it in 1812, when Mr. Madison was a candidate for re-election? The same story exactly. He got the support of just one New England State—Vermont, with her 8 electoral votes—while the colleges of Massachusetts (22), New Hampshire (8), Rhode Island (4), Connecticut (9), declared for DeWitt Clinton.
Thus, we have established the fact that New England was as strongly adverse to the old Jeffersonian Democratic party as she is against the party which in 1850 supports the Administration of James Buchanan. Gainsay our proofs—let him who can?
Having thus shown that the stronghold of modern sham Republicanism was the stronghold of the enemies of old school Jeffersonian Republicanism, we shall next demonstrate by the same kind of proofs, that the States that were reliably "Republican" from 1796 to 1812, are as reliable Democratic now.
In 1796, Mr. Jefferson received 68 electoral votes for the Presidency—all from the South, except 14 given by Pennsylvania. This looks like 1850.
In 1800, his electoral vote was 73—all from the South, except Pennsylvania (8) and New York (12); 20 in all.
In 1804, there was no organized opposition to him as stated above.
In 1808, Mr. Madison, "old school Democratic Republican," carried every Southern State except Delaware.
In 1812, he carried every Southern State except Delaware. Maryland divided—casting 6 votes for him and 5 for DeWitt Clinton. At the North, he received the support of two States only; Vermont and Pennsylvania.
From these facts it will be seen that the "old school Republican party" was as much of a Southern party as the Democratic party of to-day. And where it was all conquering, the modern sham Republican party does not as much exist and never did!
Comment is needless.

Pretty Good.
A Luzerne county (Pa.) orator whose name we have lost was called on lately at Wilkesbarre for a speech. He is one of the old style of men and has a blunt manner of getting at matters, but we do not remember to have seen anything better than this in our late readings. The whole speech is good, but we have space for only two extracts:—*North Iowa Times.*
"In this country, on the one hand would be the proud Caucasian race, with their scientific knowledge, their far seeing intelligence, their indomitable will, their love of dominion; a race that has a habit of planting Empires wherever commerce leads, in farthest India, in America, in Australia, in China, and the Islands of the Sea; and whose dominion begins when they first plant foot upon the distant coast, and continues forever. On the other hand would be the negro, with his banjo and his barlow knife 'Swanna don't you cry,' and possibly one of Old Brown's spears. Place a dozen pike in your swarming fish-pond, and tell me how long will it be before your pond will be filled with pike and the rest have all disappeared? How long has it been since the formidable grey rat made his appearance amongst us, and what has become of all our black rats? But the amiable philanthropist would stand up and exhort to brotherly love, 'how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; and read from the Declaration of Independence, 'we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. Let him try his exhortation upon the pike in the fishpond, and let him read his nice quotations to the grey rats in his cellar, before he presumes to address the Caucasian race!
But away up North and down East, there are some pious Puritan women, and it seems some men also, who long ago took this world in charge, and with their aprons around them, labor day and night to bring it to a level with their 'rolling pins.' Let the stupid world behold and be instructed! Don't they know? Didn't they once make tea in Boston Harbor. Didn't they bring over Plymouth Rock in the 'Mayflower'—Plymouth rock, that gay petrifid Puritan, that glorious old Blarney stone? Their hands at present are empty. They have hung all the Quakers; they have burnt all the witches; they have abolished twice and Christmas cakes; they have looked up all the whiskey. Aliens are kept in *durant* and service seven years, as long as Jacob was to serve old Laban for Rachel; and it is said the codfish no longer swim, on Sunday, but crowd against the coast to listen to nasal Psalms, and close their eyes the live long day! In distressing want of occupation they cast about and lo, far down South they behold a great evil, an evil that taints all the air, and eges out of the ground, and then they adopt the language of the worthy deacon when he thrust a pin through the delicate waist of an honorable bee, 'I'll teach you there is a God in Israel!'
Early Potatoes.
Potatoes, for an early crop, should be at once planted, but it is a question as to what is the very best, and earliest variety. Fox's Seedling Early June, and Mexican, in the order here named, have proved with us the most desirable; the last named being best in quality. Warm, sandy land is also a decided requisite to success in growing early potatoes. He who plants for early crop on clay land, or even level, sandy muck land, will have only the pleasure of taking potatoes to market after the time of obtaining a paying price has passed, for it is only the very early ones that sell at a price to remunerate for the labor.—*O. Farmer.*
A Marietta (Ohio) paper gives an account of a remarkable woman now living in that city. Although now in rather reduced circumstances, she claims to be a lineal descendant of the "Lords of England," and asserts that her mother's uncle was "King of England." Her life has been an exceedingly active one. She has been married four times, her third husband, with whom she lived three years, had three other living wives, which, she says, is the most sorrowful feature of her life. She has had twenty nine children, of whom twelve were triplets. She has been twice entranced, one of which lasted two and the other three days, both times when she regained consciousness, she found herself shrouded for the grave. She is now about sixty years of age, and says that in her youth she was remarkably active, and her present "good condition" warrants the assertion.
EARLY TOMATO.—The following is vouchered for by a gentleman who says he knows it "all right."
"About the first of April, take a few large turnips and cut out the hearts of them to form a sort of cup. Fill the cavities with earth, and plant two or three tomato seeds in each. When the seeds have well sprouted, pull up all but the healthiest plant in each turnip, and let those that remain have the benefit of the sun; the plant will grow very thrifty; the decaying turnip furnishing its food.—When the weather becomes sufficiently warm, set the turnips in a well prepared soil, not less than three feet apart, make a path for the vines from the ground, and keep the soil well hoiled up around them, and you will have a crop that will astonish the natives. The advantage consists in getting the plants started early without setting them back by transplanting."
TENACITY OF LIFE.—Dr. Franklin gives a singular story of a fly, which, having taken up its quarters in a pipe of Malaga, lay torpid there, perhaps for years, and ultimately came to life when taken out of the wine and placed in the rays of a Philadelphia sun. A still more remarkable instance of resurrection occurred lately in the British Museum. An Egyptian snail which had been glued down to a card for four years, confined in a close glass-case, actually came to life, and was found crawling about his narrow domicile to the great astonishment of his curator.

The Homestead Bill.
We remember that years ago, when the Hon. Andrew Johnson introduced into the House of Representatives, of which he was at that time a member, a Homestead Bill, he was regarded by not a few of his Congressional associates as a visionary, agrarian, (in an offensive sense), and a mere dreamer, at least so far as related to the success of his measure. But by the force of argument, and of a will which had on so many previous occasions secured success, he had the satisfaction of seeing his bill pass the popular branch and to become a cherished measure with a large portion of the people of the country. As a United States Senator, he will soon enforce before that honorable body the propriety of enacting a law in accordance with that bill—giving to every legal of a family a homestead from the public lands, on the condition of actual settlement and cultivation; with what degree of success cannot now be determined.
We do not wish to be understood as expressing any opinion on this bill, for that is not our present purpose. We allude to these facts that we may the more appropriately state, in connection, that the Republican party has seized upon this measure with a view of advancing its Presidential interests, and as if to make prospective cultivators of the earth believe that to their organization alone they must look for legislative blessings. The principle is a prominent feature of their party platform, and is advocated by Republican leaders with a zeal which, if extended to the advocacy of the constitutional rights of all the States, would be commendable.
Now we have to say this: Whatever honor attaches to the introduction and success of the Homestead bill in Congress belongs to Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee—a man who, conquering early difficulties and disadvantages of position, has attained high and honorable public stations, the duties connected with which he has in all respects faithfully discharged; a man who emanating from the masses, and appreciating the dignity of labor, has ever zealously devoted himself to all measures which in his opinion would contribute to their social welfare. Such men are brilliant examples of the working of our political institutions; and therefore we are not willing to remain silent while we see the Republican party endeavoring to rob him of the fruit of his early struggles and partial success in connection with what he regards as a "land reform."
THE SENSATION ROMANTIC.—'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was sinking behind the distant horizon—the chickens were going to roost—the bullfrogs were commencing their evening song—the pollywogs in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an old and antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-tops, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jacks, which was wafted to our ears by gentle zephyrs that sighed among the unfeathered stalks and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and pig-sties. The last rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in the hog-pen full in Sal's face, dying her hair with an orange-pink hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was trying with my anubus looks of jet black hair—she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper, dying with the hiccup, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a cod-fish ball. "Sal," says I, in a voice musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me? She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said—'Yes! She gave clean out then, and squatted in my lap—I hugged her until I broke my suspenders.
He Will Come.
It is now officially settled that the chubby faced bell of Victoria Gueph is to visit British America during the next Summer. He is a native of England, and toward the middle of June, should he reach this city, a Corporation committee composed of the Turk, Sancho Panza, and the Incomprehensible will show him the sights. He will be fed on meat sandwiches, and go through the Islands, review the Governors, kiss hands to the girls, examine Barnum's "What is it," and take a stare at an Alderman who cannot be hired for \$2,000. As he comes while his mother sits on a throne, no doubt all honor will be done him. The lodgings which his ally Napoleon had here and did not pay for will be shown him. The place where the patriots whipped the tyrant George's soldiers will be duly exhibited. The spots on which rested many an "obscure exile" who in due time reached the princely pinnacle, in his native country will be duly trodden over by the all guest visitor, and then some one will whisper, "There is a moral in all this." It is not every one who came hither in power to see it remain long in his possession; and many who have come here shorn of power have gone away to be vested in it.—*New York News.*
SENATOR GREEN OF MISSOURI has a practical scheme for bringing the Mormon rebels to terms, which he will offer in the Senate. It is to establish a new territorial government for Carson Valley (west side of Utah), and to create a judicial district of said territory in Utah, and so organized as to bring all Mormon capital offenders of the law before a carson territory or Gentile jury. An arrangement of this sort, reduced to practice in two or three Mormon cases, to the extent of hanging, will, it is thought, effect a Mormon exodus that will astonish all mankind.
"An, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a spella on our house." "Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other. "Pap's going to get a mortgage on ours."

A Rough Description of Minnesota.
An attorney in Minnesota, who had received from another State an account for collection, after acknowledging the receipt of the letter of instructions, replied as follows:
Now, I am perfectly astonished at you for sending a claim out here for collection, in these times. You might as well cast your net into the "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," expecting to catch a sunfish, or into the celebrated Stygian pool to catch pickled trout, as to try to collect money here. Money! I have a faint recollection of having seen it when I was a small boy. I believe it was given me by my uncle, to buy candy with. (The candy I do remember.) But it has been so long since I have seen any, that I almost forget whether gold is made of corn or mustard, or silver or white unions or fish scales. Why, sir, we live without money. You're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism—of ages past. We live by eating, sir, we do. Hoot, hoot, the millennium is coming, the year of jubilee has come, and all debts are paid here as much as they will be, unless you take "groceries." The word "money" is not in our vocabulary; in the latest Webster (revised for this morning) it is marked "obsolete, formerly a coin representing money, and used as a medium of commerce. A few small pieces can be seen in our Historical Society's collection where they are exhibited as curiosities along with the skeleton of the "mastodon," Noah's old boots, and Adam's apple.
How to Select Flour. The following rules for forming a judgment of flour, when purchasing for use, can hardly be relied upon, and may be worth recollecting by housekeepers.—First look at the color: if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it—If it is very white with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft, and is sticky, it is poor. Flour from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad—Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign.
Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers.
A SUBSTITUTE FOR PRESERVES.—A lady writer in an exchange communicates the following bit of information, obtained where she "took tea last."
A dish of what I took to be preserves was passed to me, which upon tasting, I was surprised to learn contained no fruit. The case with which it was prepared, and the trifling cost of its materials, are not its chief recommendations, for, unless my tasting apparatus deceived me, as it is not usually wont to do, it is emphatically a tip-top substitute for apple sauce, apple butter, tomato preserves, and all that sort of thing. Its preparation is as follows: Moderately boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency, then add three eggs thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in, and continue to boil a few minutes longer, when season with a nutmeg or lemon.
MEXICAN OR CHINESE SQUASH.—Such is the name of a squash the New Jersey Farmer announces. It is judging from the story—a rampant grower, and very productive. A single seed planted in the garden produced 545 squashes. We quote: "They are most delicious, and can be fried, boiled or preserved. When about the size of oranges they are in the best condition for cooking. They come early and will bear until cold weather."
EVERY MOMENT IS PRECIOUS.—Exactly. The seed is to be selected and planted; the ground is to be prepared. John has no time to lose in making preparations. The spring is hastening on apace. The seeds must be put in the ground. The garden first, the field next. Prepare the hot beds. Look over the seeds—select those that are to be planted first. Note in your memorandum the work to be set apart for each day. do it.
A colored man named Lewis Jackson, who has been an ostler at the Fulton House for some time past, on Saturday night, 3d inst., dined with a white girl, aged about 17 years, who had been in the employ of L. W. Stockton. Jackson is one of the worst-looking species of the larkie kind we know of, while the girl is said to be rather prepossessing in appearance. When last heard of they were about Uniontown.—*Washington (Pa.) Review.*
A lady a day or two since was called to stand in the Common Pleas Court, whose tender years raised doubts as to her competency as a witness by not understanding the nature and obligations of an oath. The first question put was, "are you the son of the plaintiff?" The little fellow crossing his legs and deliberately putting about half a paper of tobacco in his mouth, with the utmost sang froid replied, "Well, it's so reported." He testified.
The correspondent of the New York Herald says that the organization of the new Territories of Pike's Peak, Nevada and Dacotah, which has been agreed upon by the Committee on Territories in the Senate will result not only in a general sleighing up the various important Territories of the United States, but entirely wiping out from the map the name of Utah, and destroying the organization, thus unsettling Mr. Hooper, the delegate from that Territory.
"My gracious," said like, "if some fairy would give me a pair of wings, wouldn't I go round among the planets though—I'd go to Mars and Venus and Jupiter and Saturn—" "And I'm afraid you'll go there without wings," interposed Mrs. Partington.

Fun and Sentiment.
Auntie often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to throw him down.
To be deprived of the person we love is happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.
Men and women are never more frequently outwitted than when they are trying to outwit others.
Railroads and steamboats annihilate space and time, to say nothing of a multitude of passengers.
It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish.
Wholesome sentiment is like rain which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorless.
The bounds of a man's knowledge, even though narrow, are easily concealed, if he has but prudence.
It is said that a Yankee, who was at the point of death, whistled off with his jack-knife and got well.
It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side than to an estate of ten thousand a year.
Red-haired men ought to make the best troops because they always carry their fire-locks on their shoulders.
Physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shell which surrounds them.
The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.
It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter the water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sun-dry* motives.
Suspicious among thoughts are like late autumn birds, that ever fly by twilight. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain.
A wag said: "I loved my wife at first. For the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up; ever since I have been sorry I didn't."
A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.
The miser who gives a quarter of a dollar in ostentatious charity evidently looks to that quarter for character here, if not for salvation hereafter.
"Mr. S.—, is your customer B—a man to be trusted?" "I know of none more so. He is to be trusted forever; he never pays."
The human heart is like a feather-bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns to prevent it from getting hard.
A short time ago a man became so completely wrapped in thought, that he was tied up, labelled, and sent off on the first train of ideas.
A sailor, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on his ear—"There," he exclaimed, "just my luck—always wrecked on the coral reef!"
"Madam, you never confess yourself in the wrong." "No, sir, but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."
He who wishes to comprehend the present, and understand the future, must take his lesson from the past, for it is there that he finds the roots of the present, and the germs of the future.
It is said that the men engaged in our shipping interests have not been very prosperous during the past season, though some of them have been doing "a wailing business."
"Did you save your baggage?" asked some sympathizing friends of a gentleman who had just escaped from a wrecked steamer on the Mississippi. "Oh, yes," said he, pointing to his wife.
A man in our State who attempted to hang a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sent her for striking him in the eye. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?
"Wife, I must insist upon having soured hog's feet breakfast every morning." "Well, husband, you can easily have them by souping your feet in water when you get out of bed."
The woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of the year and hung 'em to dry on Mason & Dixon's line.
A student went into a book-store and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket testaments in Greek. "In Greek?" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I believe not, sir, but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco."
"Is not because the hypocrite despises a good character, that he is not one himself, but because he thinks he can purchase it at a cheaper rate than the practice of it, and thus obtain all the applause of a good man by merely pretending to be one."
Is comedies the best actor generally plays the droll, while some serious is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life; wise men spend much of their time in mirth—"tis only the fools who are always grave."
Noble Thoughts.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the ground, and of all beasts, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor the spreading palm, but a bush, an humble, abject bush. As if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hates like pride.